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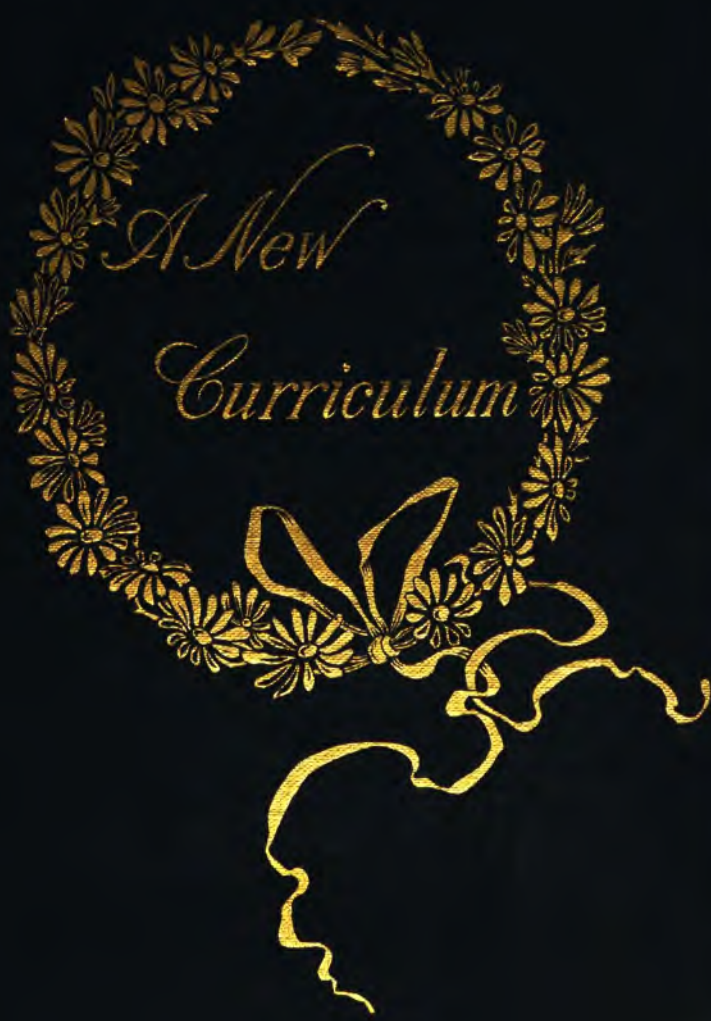
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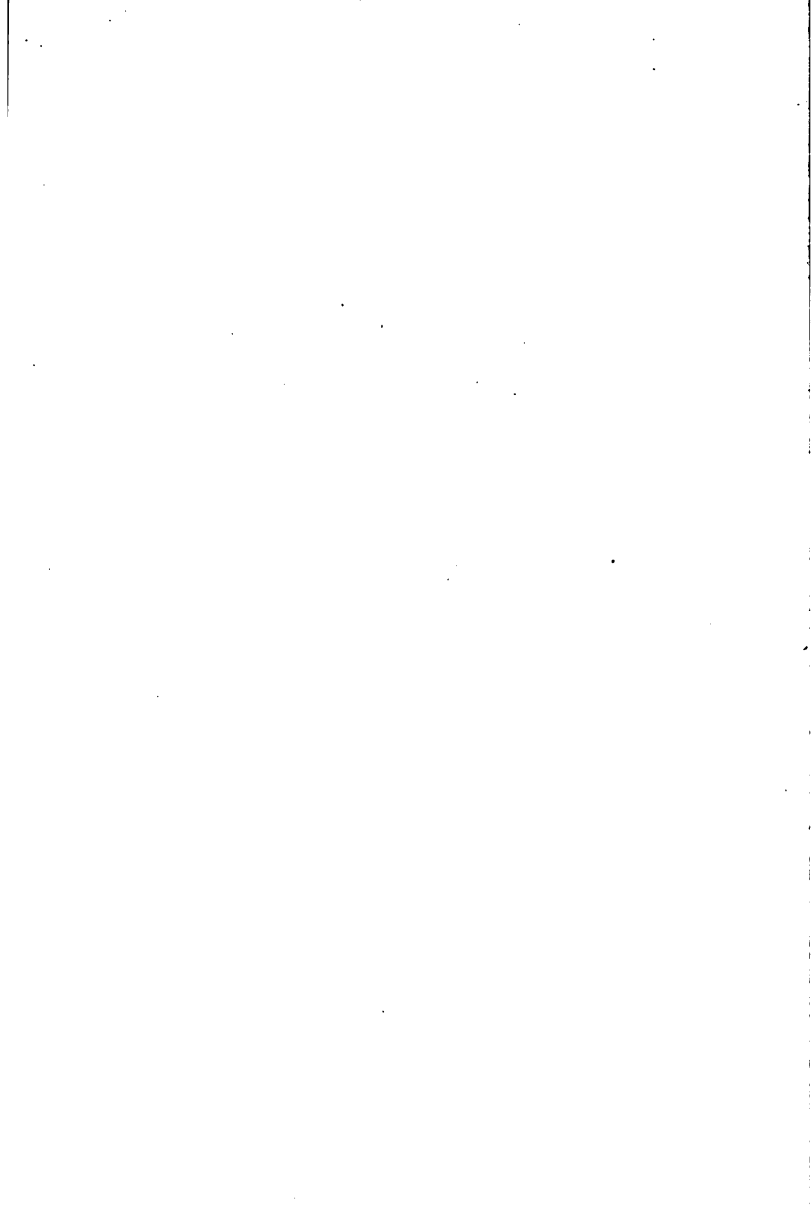
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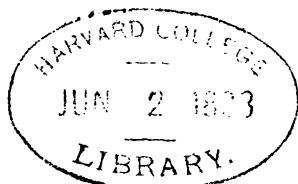
A NEW CURRICULUM

FOUND AMONG THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS
OF
MR. ELBERT COLE, M.A., F. A. S. P. S. E.



e
PHILADELPHIA
PORTER & COATES
1893

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J.W. Higginson
Cambridge

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A New Curriculum.*

DANCING at six,
Music at seven,
Drawing at nine,
Whist at eleven.

Two years with farmer folk,
Horses and cows,
Dairy and poultry yard,
Sheep as they browse.

All country sports,
Haymaking fun,
Maying and berrying,
Handling a gun.

* WANTED.—A *motive* to encourage a healthful child's desire for activity, which will prevent him from injuring his muscular system.—*Advertisement.*

A New Curriculum.

Mark how the ground
Is prepared for the seed,
Work as your strength is,
For lodging and feed.

Your skin will be brown,
Your hands will be strong,
So much the better
For helping along

Your mates in the school-room,
Your fellows in life,
Unfitted for contests,
For struggles and strife.

You cannot too early
Learn to share, of your lot,
Whatever you have,
That others have not.

A New Curriculum.

Be it Knowledge, Position,
Influence, or Wealth,
Or that best of all riches,—
The blessing of Health.

Now come your school-days,
Latin and Greek,
All modern languages
Read, write, and speak.

Learn from books, and from men,
What is Science and Art;
Of a congruous whole,
Each forms a part.

It is Nature's own teaching,
That beauty, and use,
Should labor together,
Her laws to diffuse.

A New Curriculum.

They belong to each other,
Are both incomplete ;
Both fail of their mission
Unless their lines meet.

Consider the lilies,
The grasses, and trees,
The rocks and the rivers,
The birds and the bees ;

The evening, and morning,
The stars, and the sky ;
To all Nature's wonders
Keep open your eye.

Make friends of old ocean,
With peoples, and climes,
Catch up new thought,
Keep step with your times.

A New Curriculum.

Get the *facts* of your knowledge
Well into your mind,
The bases to build on—
Essential you'll find.

For novels, read Balzac ;
For poetry, Keats ;
For gossip, old Pepys ;
And if you like treats,

Take Lamb, the immortal,
The dear heart of gold—
His wit and his humor
Stale not, nor grow cold.

In the "Book of the Benchers,"
I think I have read,

A New Curriculum.

“Whoso *puns* after Lamb
Should be hanged by the neck
Until he is dead.”

And when you are weary
Take up La Fontaine,
And build on Cervantes
Your castles in Spain.

Slight not Molière—
He is great, in his way ;
And swear not at all,
Except by Fouqué.

Study John Ruskin—
His work, his career ;
The closer you know him,
He'll nobler appear.

A New Curriculum.

Approach the great teacher
With reverent mind,
His wisdom, his knowledge,
His goodness, to find.

The clean-thoughted scholar,
The pure-hearted sage,
Out of God's affluence
Gift to our age.

And there is one Hamerton,
Good as the best ;
But as for Sainte-Beuve,
Arnold, and the rest,

They are not a whit wiser,
The trumpeters say,
Than our Hawthorne and Curtis,
And lost Laniér.

A New Curriculum.

And lovable Lowell,
Just vanished from earth,
A patriot, poet,
In right of his birth.

Apostolic successor
To Genius' throne,
By insight, broad culture,
And humor delicious,
He reigned in his own.

And spotless he leaves it :
To whom shall it be ?
For whom, as for him,
Shall a sorrowing people,
As one, bow the knee,
To give thanks for his life ?
Its lines clear and fair,

A New Curriculum.

Not a blot, nor a smirch,
Nor a stain anywhere.

And the piper adds, "Punch";
Under cover of sport
Whole acres of authors
He rules out of court.

The noxious and dull ones,
All sowing their seeds,
Mostly to perish
Or grow up in weeds.

But to crowned kings of letters,
Wherever they sat ;
A jog from old Punch, sir,
To take off your hat.

At foibles and weaknesses
Punch has his fling,

A New Curriculum.

But his good-humored lash
Leaves hardly a sting.

Conserver of morals ;
Come under his ban
All corrupt practices :
Punch is a Man.

Not afraid of his betters,
If betters there be,
Next the throne, in "the Lords',"
Or amongst the M's P.

Fearing nothing but baseness,
His spurs he has won ;
He does what he does
In the face of the sun.*

* "Whatever we do, we do in the face of the sun and in the eye of light."—*Motto of the old Welsh Bards.*

A New Curriculum.

There is good English reading
From Chaucer to Poe ;
But beware of the mud
And the slime, as you go.

Keep to the wood-paths,
Where, under your feet,
Springs what is lovely,
And healthful, and sweet.

Where the shy little hare-bell
Hides under the trees,
Awaiting for kisses
That come with the breeze :

Her wooer for long
In the shadiest spots ;
Haunts of wild roses,
And forget-me-nots.

A New Curriculum.

The greatest of dramatists,
Englishmen say,
Is their Shakespeare : he may be,
We will not gainsay.

But Dante lived once,
And a greater than he*
In the Medici chapel
At Florence we see.

His Drama, in marble,
Immortal, is here ;
Profounder than Hamlet,
More tragic than Lear.

Shakespeare wrote for an age
Unspeakably coarse,

* See Mrs. Oliphant's fine criticism of this great work of Michael Angelo in her "Makers of Florence."

A New Curriculum.

And because there are gems
In his mire, shall we,
With plaudits and praises,
Shout ourselves hoarse ?

To each man his gold ;
Point out its shine ;
But keep it washed clean
From the dirt in the mine.

Conduct—not sentiment—
Makes the king great :
It is what the king *does*
That thins or enriches
The blood of the state.

Words without deeds
Never yet made the sum
Of the greatness that lives

A New Curriculum.

As well for its own time
As for all time to come.

Read Grimm, and Hans Ander-
sen,

Then unfold your wings,
And soar with them, far
From material things.

Their impossible folk,
Out of life's common range,
Their queer little people,
So dear and so strange,

Give us honey from Hybla,
The sweetest it yields,
And strolls in the starlight
O'er Elysian fields.

A New Curriculum.

We, all of us, *have* wings,
Tucked in out of sight,
To bear us aloft
Into more air and light,
For the days of our lives
That are lonely and cold,
When we fling out our arms
For some quickening newness
To have and to hold.

There are ancients, and moderns,
Too many to mark,
Our leaders to Light,
Up out of the dark.
They have lived in all ages,
On all sides the sea,

A New Curriculum.

They live in the Present,
For you and for me.

There is sap in Confucius,
And juice in Buddha,
And pith in the "Koran,"
For "Great is Allah !"

Stick to Herodotus,
"Father of lies ;"
Heed not the croakers
Who cry the old cries.

For so much the better
His lies are than Truth,
As fables and fairy-tales
Are, for our youth.

Take your fill, and be thankful
To all who supply

A New Curriculum.

The nurture that hushes
The soul's famished cry.

If in old and mid Europe
To dig you incline,
She has heaps of rich treasures ;
A wonderful mine.

The gems of the ages
Lie glittering there ;
The learners' delight,
The scholars' despair.

Belles-lettres, Philosophy,
False, and the true,
Romance, Theology,
Ancient and new.

A New Curriculum.

To the glorious heights
We strive vainly to climb,
Of her sculptors, and builders,
Who wrought for all time.

Fling your torch backwards
O'er all the old East ;
You may glean from her tables
A sumptuous feast.

See her fine Art in color—
The Orient's badge,
Mosque, temple, pagoda,
And marvellous Taj.

Far back of old Egypt,
The Egypt we know,
Is the unwritten story
Of her long, long ago.

A New Curriculum.

Ere her monsters of wickedness,
Hatched in the slime
Of a false, lying priesthood,
Had come to their time ;

When her Priesthood was pure ;
When they spent age and youth
In groping for God,
For His light and His truth.

To man's innate longing
For something above,
For something beyond him,
To trust in and love,

At length came the answer :
The Great Unrevealed
Drew close round about them
A Presence concealed.

A New Curriculum.

Not by knowledge, but *kinship*,
They felt He was near,
Enwrapped in the love
That is stronger than fear.

The Sphinxes sit silent,
In unbroken calm,
Keeping watch o'er the land
Of the Lotus and Palm :

Fit emblems of Faith,
With their blind, open eyes,
And of Patience, awaiting
Old Egypt's new morning—
Her dawn to arise.

Know what Statesmanship
means ?

A New Curriculum.

It is noble or base,
As its motive may be ;
The goal of its race.

For your model take Gladstone,
A statesman indeed,
Who will leave to the world
The true Patriot's creed ;—

“What the State gives its sub-
jects,
Returns to the State :
For the strong iron heel,
Rebellion and Hate.

“For Law, wise, paternal,
Protective and just,
The return will be
Loyalty, reverence, trust.”

A New Curriculum.

For such is man's nature :

His Evil and Good

Lie so close together.

The venomous brood

Of the first will encroach,

And, at last, overrun

All the good in the man,

Till its triumph is won.

But keep Good alive ;

It will need so much space

For growth and expansion,

As to leave little space

For its poisonous foes ;

They hate air and light ;

Starve them, they shrivel

And shrink out of sight.

A New Curriculum.

On a much-peopled plain
Gladstone rises alone,
A pure classic column
Of fine polished stone.

Sound to the core of him,
Stainless, replete
With virtues and graces,
Symmetric, complete.

He is now in the midst
Of political strife,
Where the smoke and the hubbub
Obscure his grand life.

Full of Force and Endeavor
To gain the behest
Of justice and mercy
For Erin's opprest.

A New Curriculum.

And all the more faithful,
This friend in her need,
That wrong and injustice
Have sown evil seed.
In the midst of her people,
Now angry and blind,
Torn by factions and quarrels—
No faith in man's justice,
No faith in her kind.
Her self-seeking leaders
Have meshed her in strife,
Till she knows not the things
That make for her life.
Yet her valiant old soldier
Is still at his post,
Though all things save honor
Are seemingly lost.

A New Curriculum.

Though baseness and treachery
Howl at his back,
Serene and majestic
He moves on his track.

Though the master of gibes
And of sneers may deride,
The heart of old England
Is staunch at his side.

Her slumbering Conscience,
Awakened at last,
With him now, to atone
For her hard, cruel past.

Her best thought is with him ;
Her noblest desires
Arise at the touch
That his teaching inspires.

A New Curriculum.

His step is still onward,
His hand on the plough ;
Unheeding, yet knowing,
Reward is not now.

His quick ear is catching
The anthem "well done !"
His heavenly welcome
Already begun.

Then hasten, young student,
To sit at his feet,
While the clear thought is running,
The warm pulses beat.

God keep him and shield him
From foes who combine

A New Curriculum.

To frustrate and wound him !

As saith Santa Vita,

“For this : he is *Thine*.”

His years of self-sacrifice

Draw to a close ;

Tow'rd the vast deep of Silence

His life-current flows.

He is close on his evening—

His sunset is near ;

He perceives the dark valley,

But walks without fear.

His eye rests beyond,

On the rich after-glow—

Heaven's broad jewelled window,

Whence glorified saints

Are outgazing below.

A New Curriculum.

As in old masters' pictures
A luminous cloud
Reveals angel-faces,
It seems to enshroud.

When the voice, so persuasive,
No more shall be heard,
When the silver-tongued pleader
Has said his last word,
When his arms shall be folded,
His lance laid in rest,
Then, England will own him,
Her *greatest*, and, *best*.

Seek culture, refinement,
And beauty, and grace,
Where the arts of society
Hold a high place.

A New Curriculum.

The gay world, so called,
Is not so ingrate
As 'tis painted, by those
Who stand at its gate ;

Forgetting the promise
For *life that now is*,
As for that which holds out
A future of bliss.

The temptations that lurk
Behind its fair show,
Are those that will meet you
Wherever you go.

Our lives, for the most part,
Are shaped as we choose,
To hold fast good things
And evil refuse.

A New Curriculum.

This world is not, all of it,
Sorrow and sin ;
It has joys and pure pleasures
Without and within.

It is good to be thankful ;
'Tis good to be gay ;
To quit work sometimes,
Blow bubbles, and play.

And not the less, shoulder
Our duties, our load
Of care for the wretched,
Who cumber our road.

The duty of working,
Play does not impair ;
It helps but to balance
And hold the scales fair.

• A New Curriculum.

Eschew the vulgar,
Or find, at your cost,
Your nice sense of honor
First blunted, then lost.
To low codes of manners,
Low standards of taste,
Low standards of morals
May often be traced.

You will hear of a fortress,
Wherever you stray ;
Will be told it is useless
And gone to decay.

All sorts of missiles
Are aimed at its wall,
All sorts of prophecies
Preach of its fall.

A New Curriculum.

Its foundation was laid
By Jehovah of old ;
And as yet, not a shot
Of the archers has told.

Be brave and courageous,
And fear not to own
Its walls are, in some spots,
By weeds overgrown.

Be one of the helpers
To tear them away,
To prove it still sound,
Untouched by decay.

The Church of the Lord !
It is spacious and strong ;
It has room for all peoples,
Where'er they belong.

A New Curriculum.

The Priest and the Prophet :

Still minister there,
To all who will hear it
His message to bear.

His message of Mercy,
His message of Love,
His message of Hope,
By the whispering Dove.

His message of Pardon,
His message of Peace,
From the weight of transgression
His Bond of Release.

Look up, holy women !
The great and the small,
Who follow the Christ-child,
To answer His call.

A New Curriculum.

Their beautiful footprints
Are not far to seek,
'Mong the straylings, the
friendless,
The sinful and weak.

Their lives give out fragrance
Wherever they come,
To freshen the earth,
And make heaven of home.

Equipped as you are,
You should win in life's race ;
Whate'er your career,
You should earn a first place.

Decide on your voyage :
Beware of false starts ;

A New Curriculum.

Then hold to your purpose
With compass and charts.

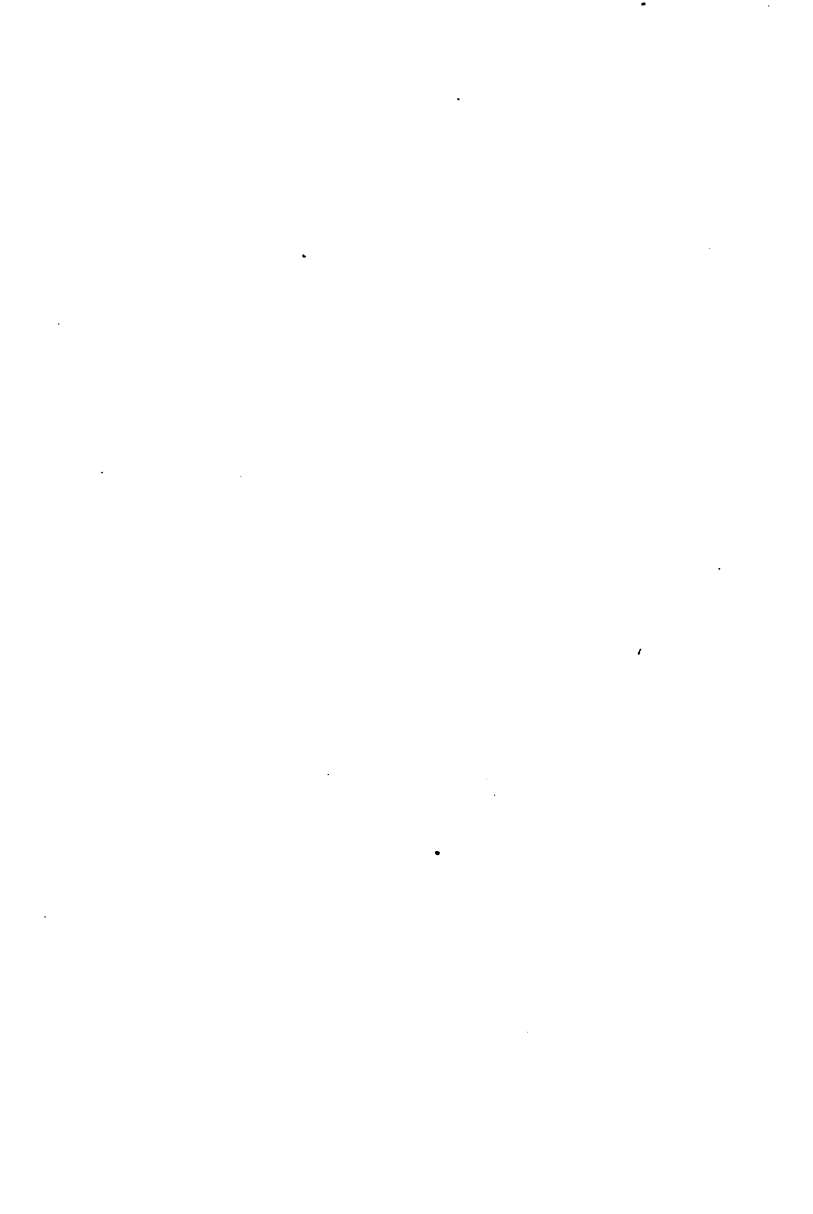
Make Christ your Master,
Trust not in creeds ;
Read your New Testament,
Look to your deeds.

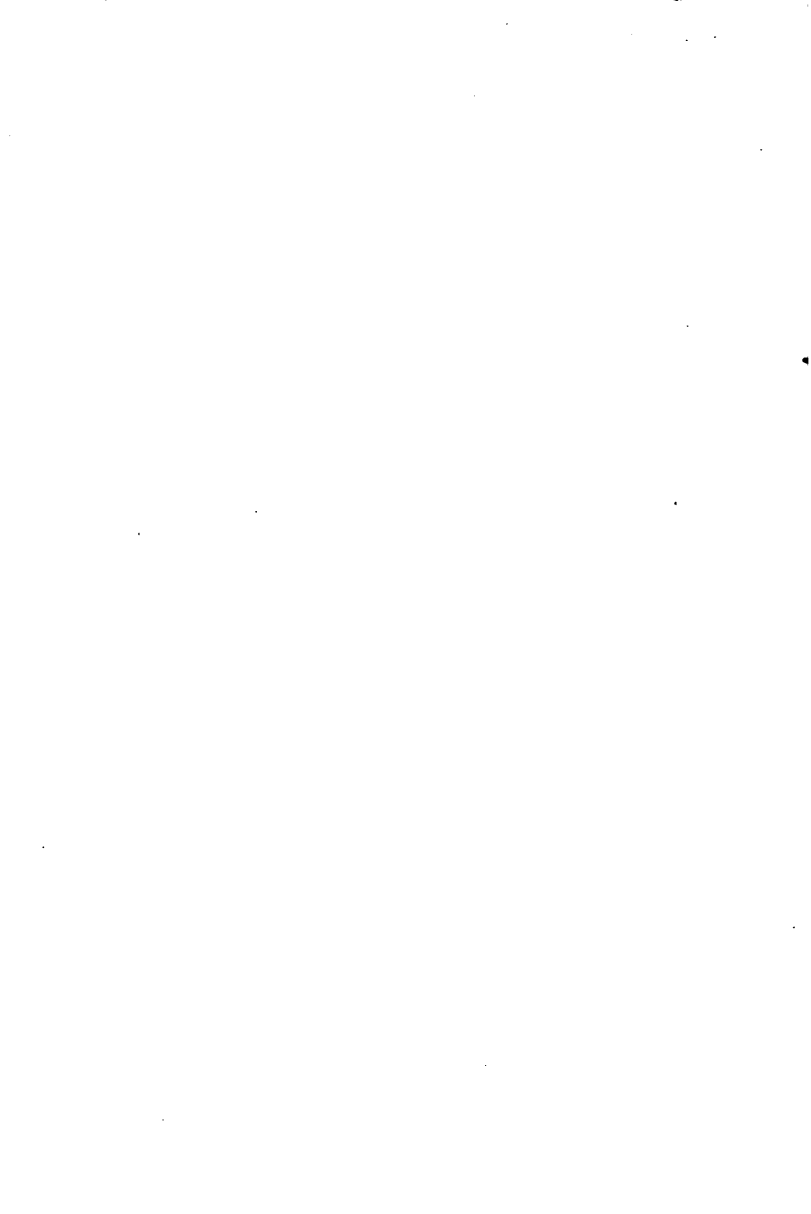
Thus living and learning,
You'll never grow old ;
Your days shall be glad days
Until they are told.

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